

He's Nursing a Fat Lip

Sinatra: 'I'll Marry Jackie If She'll Fix Her Teeth!'

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BEFORE



AFTER



Robert Redford's Rampage Leaves Posh Watering Hole in Shambles!

Robert Redford was enjoying a few dozen martinis in a posh watering spot on Sunset Strip.

A pretty lady approached him and nervously asked, "You're Jean-Claude Kilby, aren't you? May I have your autograph?"

He threw his martini glass across the room and by the time his anger subsided, the place was a shambles.

Patrons who were in the Banana Skin and witnessed the rampage, say Redford totally lost control.

"His eyes turned red with fury and the poor woman — she was obviously a tourist — took a dive under the table when he threw the glass," said a man who called

himself John Jones.

JONES WAS with a beautiful, banana blonde, whom he identified as his niece from Seattle.

"Janet, that's my niece, and I tried to run out the door when Redford started tearing the place to smithereens," added Jones.

"But we had to turn and head to the washrooms because he was throwing chairs at the door."

"He sure is strong," purred the niece.

Other witnesses in the bar said that Redford was yelling and screaming like a lunatic.

"I'm the Sundance Kid," he yelled as he threw the bartender down behind the bar and straddled him.

"He stuck a swizzle stick to the bartender's head and told him to keep quiet or he'd shoot," said a woman who was in the Banana Skin with her sister.

The woman who started the tirade by confusing him with the French Olympic skiing champion peeked out from beneath a table.

"WHEN REDFORD saw her, he stopped being the Sundance Kid," said one of the sisters named Mavis. "He went over to the ice machine and upset it so ice fell all over the floor."

"Then he yelled, 'You want Kilby, I'll give you Kilby. He started shoving all over the place, first on one leg then on the other like he was drunk."

"He finally fell down. He just rolled around in the ice and laughed."

When Redford finally stood up, he started to grin. He approached Mavis' sister, Gloria.

"I was awfully scared at first," she told NEWS EXTRA. "But he looked at me with those big blue eyes and he smiled real nice and took my hand. Then he said, 'Let's go barefoot in the park.' We pranced all around that place like we was walking through the park in snow. Taking real high steps, you know?"

HIS MOOD suddenly changed again.

"He seemed to be some kind of a grunter," said John Jones. "He took a whisky bottle and played it like a gun. That's when

he did all the damage. He kicked things, threw tables around, pulled down the light fixtures and all the while, stuffing us with that whisky bottle."

"Then he fired us up against a wall and started to go 'tat-tat-tat-tat-tat-tat.' When we didn't die, he really got furious. 'We caught on fast and skimped to the floor.'"

Jones added that when the patrons played dead, Redford seemed appeased. That's when he figured out a way to get out of the place.

"I groaned and he walked over to me," he told NEWS EXTRA. "I stuck my pipe in my pocket, pulled out my pipe and pointed it at him and said, 'Bang, Bang.'"

REDFORD BOLLED his eyes, gasped and fell to the floor. Then Jones tied his hands with his necktie and called the police.

"When the Hollywood cops arrived, they laughed like crazy," said the bartender. "They just went and called Redford's doctor."

"I guess this has happened before. The doc came and got him and explained that he has allergies to chocolate bars and martinis. They gave him a migraine headache and he does that he doesn't remember."

"He wrote me out a \$30,000 check and apologized for all the damage. And he made me promise if he ever comes in again not to give him no martinis."

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November 30, 1976

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Here is a picture of Jean-Claude Kilby especially for that pretty autograph fan who saw Robert Redford off. Please, please, dear lady, don't confuse them again. Pretty, please?



How could anyone mistake Redford for Jean-Claude Kilby?

THIS MAD WORLD

By News Extra International Staff



Bowwow From Space Captured in Arizona

There is now conclusive evidence that UFOs do exist and they come from planets capable of supporting life.

Shortly after UFOs were spotted near Ghosttown, Ariz., (as reported at NEWS EXTRA on Nov. 2, 1978) a space doggie was found tinkling on a cactus in the desert.

The little animal has been taken to the national headquarters of Clearinghouse for Reports of Aviation, Combined Kinetic Phenomena and Odd Things (CRACKPOT) for study.

"We have reason to believe the bungs from space were forced to land somewhere in the desolate wasteland for the doggie to go potty," Jabus, President, CRACKPOT's president told NEWS EXTRA.

"APPARENTLY, when they were spotted by our Air National Guard unit, they panicked and took off without their moose."

The little space hound resembles a French poodle. However, its fur is a sort of minigreen in color and the doggie barks in space language.

"When one of our men went to pick him up, he barked, 'Niddy gloop gloopy, niddy naddy noop' is it to be," President said.

"We aren't sure but we suspect it may be a talking doggie. President thinks the dog is about 3,700 years old. "His teeth are in awful shape, and my wife's gynecologist estimated the animal's age based on the condition of its teeth."

The little animal has endeared itself to CRACKPOT members who are studying it for clues as to what his deep in space.

"THE BOYS at the lab love him," President told NEWS EXTRA. "They have named him Tinkle because that is what he was doing when we found him and that is what he has done most frequently ever since."

Tinkle was wearing a space suit and helmet when left on earth. Space experts say that without his space suit, he would definitely perish.

By studying the artificial atmosphere and temperature provided by the suit, the CRACKPOT scientists hope to determine what planet he came from.

"One thing is for sure, his home cannot be too different from earth. The silver-lane suit Tinkle wears is lined with an insulating fabric similar to that in ski parkies. His helmet resembles a plastic terrarium. The only thing that has us stymied is all the Swedish and gaudy that protrude from the suit. We think he may be wired to beep images to his home planet."



Niddy gloop gloopy, niddy naddy noop is it to be, Tinkle barked as he had his picture taken for NEWS EXTRA. Any dog that makes that kind of racket should be sent into space.

THE AGENCY does not believe in the inhumane treatment of animals for research, so Tinkle will not be subjected to biological tests.

"We are keeping records of his eating habits and the result of those habits," President explained. "And he appears to have the same functions as any other household pet."

"His favorite food is Friskies Protein Pack, pre-melinated in cellophane packets. For treats, he likes banana smushes with whipped cream."

President claims the space doggie is super-intelligent.

"When the lab is closed on weekends, I take Tinkle home with me," he explained. "He fetches my newspaper and even pulls out the sports section for

me. Then he takes the comics to my kids and separates the women's page for the old lady."

"HE RESPONDS to the command 'Speak,' with that strange space bark he has; the niddy gloop number he does."

"But the weird thing about Tinkle is the way he sleeps. He stands up on his back legs and braces himself against a wall and snores standing up."

President said that the Arizona Air National Guard has remained on 24-hour alert ever since the space doggie was found. He and other UFO experts feel that the owners of the cute little hound may try to locate their mascot.



I like "Police Story." It's about real people like you and me.

Here's How Not To Get in Good Shape

ROCKDALE, Ill. — When elementary school gym teachers here try to stress conditioning to their students, they really mean it.

Recently, 14 pupils from one school were treated at a local hospital for exhaustion after performing physical exercise feats.

The students were required to stop at 13 designated stations and perform differing exercises in a specific time period.

PLOT QUASSED TO DE-GAY A GAY

SAN FRANCISCO — A plot here to smear the name of leading Gay Rights advocate Bruce Lanham has been quashed.

The man who leads protesters in an attempt to give gays the right to marry each other, Lanham was the target of pranksters who tried to prove he has a wife and 14 children.

Two truck drivers are under arrest for the crime. Five more are sought.

WHIPPING OUT A POLISH SAUSAGE RECORD

GATOR, Ga. — Freshmen at Deep South University have constructed what might very well be the largest Polish sausage sandwich ever made. It stretches 473 feet from the foot of Wendell Hall to Boys Memorial Gym and consists of 34 pounds of mustard, 19 pounds of onions, 473 pounds of red cabbage and 15 gallons of pickles.

The sandwich is rotting under the sun, since the chefs refuse to allow anyone to touch it.

Even so, bits of the delicacy have disappeared during the night, and the area has been flooded with an influx of people with strange-sounding last names.

The National Guard has been called in to keep peace.

TRANSVESTITES TO STAFF BANKS

LIMA, Peru — Acting in retaliation to the announcement that all staff members of the Banco Central Hipotecario del Peru bank branch in the suburbs is staffed only by women, the Banco Banco del Peru announced today that it will soon open a branch staffed only with transvestites.

Tellers, loan officers and other officials from around the world are being flown in to fill the openings.

All applicants "have to have decent legs," Banco Banco president Rood Vasquez said.

SOMEONE SKIPPED OUT WITH THE SKIPPER'S BRAINS

MOSCOW, U.S.S.R. — The skipper of a Russian submarine is under arrest today because he allowed a female go-go dancer to perform nude on the deck of his ship.

Soviet officials weren't upset by the fact that Capt. Igor Puskobovich permitted Vasha Skayana, 33, to give her act. That was permissible. But they were alarmed because Puskobovich's ship was at the bottom of the Indian Ocean at the time.

Miss Skayana's shapely body never was recovered. Sharks were present in the waters and apparently had ringleader seats.

LITTLE JIMMY KILLS HIMSELF BECAUSE HIS BEST GIRL GOES FOR OLDER MEN

CHICUL PALEEN, Mont. — Little Jimmy Sanders, 34, committed suicide because his long-time girlfriend, Harrois Peters, 15, ditched him for an older man.

"So what?" she asked when she learned the news. She was on the arm of new boyfriend, Hector Johnson, 18, at the time.

THOSE 13 VIRGINS ARE REMEMBERED

GREENCASTLE, Ind. — This week marks the 100th anniversary of the famous Greencastle Massacre, in which 13 virgins were deflowered. A three-day celebration is planned to honor the historic event.

'I'll Marry You If You Fix Your Teeth,' Sinatra Says as He Puts Bite on Jackie

By RHONDA REED
NEWS EXTRA
Hollywood Correspondent

Frank Sinatra says he'll marry Jackie Onassis if she just gets her teeth fixed.

"Can't put up with no snag-toothed middle-aged dame," the entertainer was quoted as he confided to friends that he is ending his bachelorhood.

"That chick has a mouthful of molars so sharp that they make the shark in 'Jaws' look like Ma Perkins without her false teeth."

Sinatra has admired Jackie for a long time but the rumor in Hollywood is that he has avoided romantic involvement with her because of her sharp, irregular teeth.

"What if she bit him during a spat?" an associate of Sinatra said. "She could cause severe injury and disfigurement — professionally fatal to a man like old Frankie."

This NEWS EXTRA snooper learned that Sinatra reportedly has offered Jackie money and the services of his private dentist to get her mouth put right.

HIS NAME is Dr. Payne Inlay, and he has a thriving Hollywood practice despite an unsavory background. He served 18 years in a West German prison after conviction of certain malpractices committed in connection with his job in a World War II Nazi concentration camp, where he was staff dentist.

NEWS EXTRA visited Dr. Inlay at his Beverly Hills office, which is cunningly decorated in the style of a torture dungeon.

There is a portrait of Adolf Hitler in his reception room. The doctor hastily explained he keeps it there only as a conversation piece.

"I suffer discuss mein patients," he said in his thick Prussian accent. "Howeffor, since der widow Onassis is not yet ein patient, I will talk."

"Certain parties half approached me on her behalf. A very interesting case,

Madame Onassis. Herrids me off von that I had in Dachau, except she has no gold fillings to remove, of course.

"ACH, IT will be ein pleasure to operate on her. She will be beautiful by any man's standards. She will be fit for a farrer."

"How, if you will excuse me, I must get back to mein victims — I mean, mein patients. Heil Hitler!"

Hightailing it out of there, we sought out a friend of Sinatra who often can be coaxed into talking about Frankie for the price of a few drinks.

We mentioned that it didn't seem that Jackie's teeth were all that ugly and/or dangerous and asked why Sinatra was so insistent she get them fixed.

He's got a thing about chicks with sharp teeth," he said. "The story I get is that he got his tongue bit once when he was a kid in New Jersey, by a girl he wanted to go steady with."

"He was cut up so bad he couldn't sing for days. So he's had a phobia about it ever since."

BUT WHAT about his ex-wives — Nancy Barbieri, Ava Gardner and Mia Farrow? They were all in possession of their God-given molars.

"I hear he made them sign marriage contracts promising that if they ever bit him, he could divorce them and not have to pay alimony," the friend said.

We next sought out a friend of Jackie, who hinted that Sinatra is not turned off so much by her irregular molars as he is by the fact that they are decayed.

"That's just a myth, those stories about him being afraid of being bitten," Jackie's friend confided.

"What he can't take is her bad breath. Seems she had a dentist in Greece where she was married to that old Greek guy, and he wasn't very good."

"HE HAD a theory that if a dentist does nothing about decayed teeth, the body will build up resistance to decay, and the teeth eventually will heal themselves."

"The guy was a raving quack, but Jackie still believes in his methods. The trouble is, while she's waiting for her decay-blackened teeth to heal themselves, her breath smells like a goat from a bazaar's nest."

The friend said that when Jackie and Sinatra had several dates in quick succession a few weeks ago, he had to stuff cotton up his nose to keep from smelling her foul exhalations.

"I understand that he wouldn't even ride in the same car with her when they went to nightclubs," he said. "Sinatra told somebody it reminded him of his poverty days as a youngster when he lived next to a sewage disposal plant."

THE FRIEND confirmed that the pair will be married if Jackie agrees to do something about her oral condition.

"But she's stubborn," he said. "She says everybody has bad breath now and then, and Frank shouldn't let it bother him so much."

"But she's coming around now, and I understand she has agreed to do something about the problem."

"You have to admit — this makes the case of Frankie's wedding present to her quite easy: a lifetime supply of Listerine."



You'll have to admit that this photo of Jackie does make the shark in "Jaws" look like Ma Perkins without her false teeth.



If you don't get your teeth fixed, Jackie, it's anyone's guess if old Frankie.

Rhonda Reed's Celebrity Notebook



Agents of Sinister Foreign Power Taking Over the Movie Industry!

ATTENTION CONGRESS: Hollywood is once again under sinister foreign influence as it was in the 1940s when Reds were running amok in the studios, pulling their anti-American fifth line scripts and poisoning young minds. This time the scam comes not from Soviet Russia, but the tiny kingdom of Miltar. Agents from that messed-up monarchy have infiltrated every major studio, and if Americans don't wake up fast the peculiar values of that so-called civilization will be filling our home town movie screens. We need a Congressional investigation, and fast!

Is Hollywood agent Fritzie Dinswiddle's face red? Or is it merely purple? He burst into the office of Raine Studios' production chief, Balto von Shersberg, shouting that he'd just caught a "fantastic new comedy" set on TV the night before and said Raine should put the comics under contract before Oscar Welles Studios beat it to the punch. "They're great," said Fritze. "There's this wise-cracking guy with a big cigar and a fake mustache, a guy in a blonde fright wig who whistles but never talks, and a guy who talks like a Mafia gangster." Balto, before calling for his bouncers, told Fritze he'd seen the same show: a rerun of a 48-year-old Marx Brothers movie.

Trouble on the set of "The Armpits of Alcatraz," where Brenda Diggins has been giving director Sam Spade fits with her imperious demands for star treatment although she has only a walk-on part. Unfortunately, it's a big walk-on part, setting the tone for the whole flick. Brenda has no legs and waddles into a main scene on her stumps, kicking a doctor to death in the movie's opening scene, then committing suicide. Brenda says the director is not using her "good side" to its best advantage, and wants retakes, with herself in control of what is printed.

You've heard of these two weirdos who are going around the country recruiting converts for a trip to Heaven in a UFO or something like that? Well, we have it that the whole thing's a publicity stunt for a new science fiction movie from Epic Production, Inc. — "Saucer Mama."

Porno star Marilyn Chambers is thinking about running for the U.S. Senate seat currently held by California Democrat John Tunney, on the platform "Salvation Through Satiation." Her sister in sin, "Linda Lovelace, is telling friends she's giving up the grind and will hit the road as an evangelist. "There's more money in it," Linda is telling friends.

For our money, the kiddie movie, "Love Me, Love My Beaver," is the most heartwarming movie of the season and should pick up a few of Oscars come next April. It's the story of a homeless boy, played by Rodney Allen Rippey, and his travels via beaver across the country with only a money pit beaver for company.

Country-western star Garyll Schelinsick, whose current chart-buster is "I Ain't Gittin' Any," is being tabbed for stardom in an upcoming bio-flick about Alvin Bob Hawkins, whose life was tragically cut short when a mature spender ran amok at a county fair where he was performing and ground him up into fertilizer.

They say Ali MacGraw will never reconcile with Steve McQueen unless he agrees to come crawling back to her, literally, on his hands and knees... An enterprising animal trainer from Rumping Bros., Beersham & Haystack Circus is trying to find the two hippos that witnessed the recent remittance of Richard Burton and Liz Taylor in Africa. He wants to put them in the sidebar.



Here's Shocking Proof!

Flying Nun Reads Books on Erotica

By RHONDA REED
NEWS EXTRA

Hollywood Correspondent
I wouldn't have believed it if I hadn't seen it with my own eyes: The Flying Nun reads dirty books.

See for yourself.

Sally Field, the actress who portrayed the wacky sister on television for several years, nearly lost her habit as she read the tome in her lap.

It was entitled "Fanny Hill Meets Lady Chatterly's Lover" and was written by Filthy McNasty, known far and wide as one of the most scatological porn writers in the world.

The popular actress reportedly persued the volume and others like it between takes on the set to the chagrin of producers and other people in the show.

Must wanted to maintain a fly-whirl front because of the religious subject matter.

"I nearly died when I saw Sally doing it for the first time," one source told NEWS EXTRA. "It was enough to make me blush."

"I tried my best to get her to quit, but it proved useless. The girl just couldn't put that filthy book down."

Hick Hill Town Fields NBA Team; Twerps Can't Get on Scoreboard!

By UBAN KOLPIPTIS
NEWS EXTRA Sports Editor

The newest entry in the National Basketball Association has lost every game it has played, and for good.

In a league where a player is considered short if he stands less than 6 feet, 2 inches tall, the Abingdon Owls average 3 feet, 5 inches to the nose.

"They're the laughing stock of the NBA, and for good cause," said Commissioner Larry O'Brien. "They went through the worst player draft I've ever seen."

"It's almost as if they were out to build the worst team they possibly could."

"A LOT of it has to do with their coach. She's a woman -- and boy, is she awful."

Most people in the world of sports were shocked when the league offered the franchise to Abingdon, a small town high in the Blue Ridge Mountains of Western Virginia.

They were even more startled when Mrs. Ramona Gerwitz was named head coach.

But because of the Owls' terrible start in their inaugural

year, they are quickly becoming to basketball what the New York Mets were to baseball in the 1960s.

The Owls have averaged more than 14,000 people per game in the new Abingdon Civic Center. The fans continue to turn out despite defeats such as 173-3 to the Boston Celtics and 103-4 to the Chicago Bulls.

Top scorer for Abingdon so far has been Laches Gerwitz, the team's 4-foot center and son of the head coach.

IN RECENT games, he has scored 13 points through the hoop.

"I like playing in the NBA, even if it means losing my shirt every game," he said. "It's just swell to jump center against Kareem Abdul Jabbar and Nate Thurmond."

"Just think, one of these days, I might even win one."

The top playmaker on the Owls is petite Philip Malwick, a guard whose only playing experience has come at Appalachian Elementary School, Boone, N.C.

Standing 3 feet, 1 inch tall, Malwick led the Appalachian State Semi-Pro League in scoring

last year with a 43-point-per-game average. But he is having his troubles this year.

He has been held scoreless in six of the Owls' eight games.

"IT'S REALLY tough going up against the likes of Walt Frazier," he said. "He's just too big to dribble around, although I did manage to go between his legs a time or two when he was offguard."

Every time the Owls score a point, fans go wild.

A near riot erupted in the stands when they jumped out to a quick, 2-0, lead against the Detroit Pistons recently.

But the Pistons pressure defense kept the Owls out of the scoring column for the rest of the first half. They won going away, 137-5.

Several players have tried to join the Abingdon team, including Walt "The Skill" Chamberlain. But Coach Gerwitz turned him down flat.

"I just couldn't see how Walt would fit into our offensive plans," she said. "After all, he's more than 7 feet tall. Our players just wouldn't have been able to get him the ball."

"AND WHAT would have happened when we tried to fast break?"

"Everyone knows Walt is terribly slow. But when the Owls go down court, you can bet that all five men will be streaking for the basket at once. Walt just wouldn't have been able to keep up."

Having the worst team in the league will give the Owls first pick in the 1976 player draft, but Coach Gerwitz says she's not going to go for top talent.

"We're going to get the best short player in the country," she said. "We've got our eyes on several prospects right now."

"I've heard there's a great 3-foot guard in Pocatello, Idaho, by the name of Yablonksi. And there's supposed to be another one by the name of Majewski in Toronto."

"EITHER ONE of them could be our first selection."

"One thing is for sure, though: We're out to prove that the day of the big man is dead in the NBA."

"People might laugh at us now, but they won't when we start winning our games. And I predict that we'll win our first one by 1982."

Walt Chamberlain tried to join the Abingdon Owls, but Coach Gerwitz turned him down. "Walt is too slow," Gerwitz told NEWS EXTRA as the worst team in the NBA posed for our lensman.



THE NEWS EXTRA
November 30, 1975

Strange Stories from

Third Place Winners Treated To High Time in Altoona! Altoona?

The good news is that 473 of you talented readers out there in NEWS EXTRA had tied for third place in our "Write Your Own Damn Story" contest.

And that meant our third prize two-day all-expense paid vacation trip to Altoona, Pa., with plush accommodations arranged at Jake's Roadside Motel and Wild Animal Kingdom turned into a huge, fun-filled party at which a good time was had by all.

After reading our vast piles of entries, we concluded that not one of the 473 was any better than the other 473. So we declared 2nd Place a tie.

The runners-up, 4th Place and worse, receive Honorable Mention, which in contest editors' language for "nothing of value." The Honorably Mentioned will, however, get to see their stories printed on sturdy paper here in the National NEWS EXTRA, as time and space permit, which to some people is a big deal. Pictures, too, if they included any and they're worth looking at.

ALAS, TIME and space do not permit us to print all 473 3rd Place stories. But the 3rd Place artists all heartily agreed the sacrifice was definitely one worth making.

"Altoona is gorgeous in the fall," sighed Elsie Jane Hickey, whose "My Favorite As Murder," earned her 3rd place. "And the special events planned for us were out of sight, man, far away." Miss Hickey captured 3rd Place mainly because of the pictures (few of which were printable as a family publication, but all of which were out-

standing) that went with her story.

Lovely Elsie Jane and her fellow 3rd Prize winners began assembling at the gravel parking lot of Jake's Roadside Motel and Wild Animal Kingdom late Friday night. Since NEWS EXTRA did not include transportation costs, each picked a favorite mode.

MOST ARRIVED by interstate bus or their rentier private automobiles. Elsie Jane hitchhiked with a truck driver she is now deciding whether or not to marry. Jake himself picked himself off the cot in his motel managers' office to extend a warm, hearty greeting. Congratulations were the order of the day.

"What all these monkeys do in mah driveway?" he chirped. Jake Hinstead is a lovable old coot who, at 75, still has many of his faculties. Everyone admired his cheerfully irreverent wit.

"I'll give stand around like a bunch of Canadian peckewoods or what. Bay something or clear the hell out. I ain't got all day."

It turned out there had been a slight misunderstanding between Mr. Hinstead and the NEWS EXTRA Contest Committee.

"NOOOOXXETEE? I ain't never heard of no such thing," he joked.

"Go on, clear out. I'll get a bad reputation havin' all ya hoboes an' scoundrels hanging around here."

That little rift cleared up, the festivities commenced.

First thing on the program was a group tour of Jake's Wild

Okay, Mr. Maurice Turagballi of Pagah, Ala., we now know why ya ain't rich even if ya think you're so damn smart.

The editors of National NEWS EXTRA have waded through the mountains of entries we received in response to our "Write Your Own Damn Story" contest, which we launched because you, Mr. Turagballi, and readers like you thought you could do better than our distinguished corps of journalists writers.

You're not so hot. We considered ourselves lucky just to find enough decent stories in the piles to merit giving the prizes away. Most were truly pathetic.

LIKE YOURS, Bob Jimmy Bobcock of Columbus, Ohio, We were not amused at your idea of printing your story on the sides of a dead oke salmon "to save my copy of NEWS EXTRA."

Frankly, Mr. Bobcock, your idea stunk. And you Allen McCarthy Jones of Springfield, Ill., who sent us "How I Found Love at a Republican Fund-Raising Dinner." Did you honestly expect us to believe that tale?

In his letter, Turagballi had told us, and we

Animal Kingdom. A brief explanation might be helpful here for readers who haven't visited Altoona yet. Jake's Animal Kingdom is similar to Lion Country Safari in California and Bear Country in the Black Hills of South Dakota in that no cages are used. The wild beasts roam free while visitors watch from the safety of their autos.

But unlike the well-publicized pox, Jake's has more than just the usual lions, tigers and grizzly bears of the African jungles. He also has the dangerous beasts of America's big cities - rabid rats, mangy stray dogs and deerskin hippies.

ONLY ONE small mishap marred the delightful tour. Those 3rd Place winners who arrived in Altoona by bus or foot had to walk

through Jake's Wild Animal Kingdom and so were quickly killed and eaten by the deadly creatures.

And there were a few malcontents who complained that the group tour had marred the spectacle of hippies feeding time by several hours. But there's always a couple of whiners in every crowd.

Survivors of the Wild Animal Kingdom tour assembled mere minutes later on the banks of the scenic Pussanuck River nearby to try their hand at fishing. Why Jake had stocked the fragrant waters with trophy size carp to provide extra excitement for the intrepid amateur anglers.

SOME FISHERMEN tried putting earthworms on their hooks, and a daring bunch used

quote, "I could ride a better story than you." He and those sharing his sentiments were proved wrong by our way of thinking.

However, we did manage to find 473 entrants worthy of winning our prizes.

THE FIRST place winner is Harvey Garlock of Altoona, Paraguay. Young Harvey, 5, is no stranger to these pages (our Nov. 2, 1975, story, "5-year-Old Junior Tips Scooby at 493 Friends," told his tale). He received one-year subscription to NEWS EXTRA for his first-person account of "Why I'm Sorry I Ate My Neighbor's Doggy."

Second prize, a two-year subscription to NEWS EXTRA, goes to Harrington Richardson, 31, also of Altoona, Paraguay, for a heart-tugging human interest yarn, "Has Anybody Seen My Doggy?"

Third prize, two-day all-expense paid vacation trip to Altoona, Pa., with plush accommodations arranged at Jake's Roadside Motel and Wild Animal Kingdom, goes to the other 473, who tied. We sent them to Altoona last weekend and a good time was had by all.

Harvard H. "Big Scope" Palmer
The Editor

artificial lures, but second-hand prophylactic devices proved to be the best bait. All told, NEWS EXTRA's 3rd Prize sportspeople caught 11 carp, which Jake Hinstead quickly confiscated for the next event on the itinerary. That was the Friday Night All-You-Can-Eat Fish Fry, held under the tented sides in Jake's parking lot. Another slight mishap occurred here as 143 happy-but-slightly-tummy-aching 3rd Prize winners had to be rushed to the hospital to have lures and pieces of Pussanuck carp surgically removed from their stomachs.

After coffee and stomach pumping, Jake Hinstead thrilled our hardy band of adventurers with the fascinating home movies he had taken on a recent safari to the wilderness island of Ooba, in

First Place: 'I'm Sorry I Ate My Neighbor's Doggy'

By HARVEY GARLOCK



Harvey Garlock

Once upon a time, there was a man named Mr. Harrington Richardson and he had a doggy. He called his doggy Fang. Fang was big and hairy.

Fang was big and hairy but he was nice. He would lick you on the face if you said "Hi Fang." Wasn't that nice of Fang? Everybody liked him.

Everybody but my mommy, Laetitia Garlock, and my daddy, the raven-haired Redondo. They didn't like Fang because he made piles on our rug. Daddy stepped in them, the piles that is, a lot. And he would say, "Oh, darn, that nasty old Fang has been here again."

Daddy said Fang was a Mongrel, which is a kind of dog that is big and hairy. Mongrels aren't as good as Piddy Grease or German Shepherds, which are other kinds of dogs. My daddy said so.

If Fang was a Piddy Grease maybe daddy would have liked him better. But he wasn't. And daddy didn't.

SO RE played tricks on Fang. One day daddy tied a cast to Fang's tail. That was funny. Fang thought the cast was chasing him and he ran and ran and one day he was in the Tapumaro Garlock's headquarters downtown. We laughed and laughed.

The Tapumaro Garlocks didn't laugh. They are not monkeys but grownups who pretend they are soldiers and shoot people here in Altoona. They must have Fang more than daddy.

They set Fang's tail on fire. And then they beat up daddy.

I laughed and laughed. Fang really ran fast with his tail on fire. He ha ha.

I laughed at daddy, too. He didn't run too fast after the Tapumaro Garlocks broke both his legs. He didn't like me to laugh. He beat me up with his crutches.

That was later, after the Dr. fixed daddy's legs by putting white castor beans on them. Daddy had to stay at home a lot from his job at the dogout canoe factory.

FOR MANY days he sat in the front room. He watched TV and he drank smelly stuff and he smoked smelly stuff. And every time he saw Fang go by he got mad.

Mr. Harrington Richardson had put water on Fang, so he wasn't so fire so more. But all his hair was burnt off. He wasn't big and hairy no more. He was just a little dog.

My daddy yelled at him. "There goes that stupid Mongrel Fang," he would say.

One day he told me, "That dog is no good now. He doesn't hunt, he doesn't do tricks, he doesn't roll over and fetch sticks. So one day when I was very hungry, I ate Fang."

Mr. Harrington Richardson got sad. And daddy was not happy about me eating the doggy. He was beat up and had crutches.

I am very sorry I ate the neighbor's doggy. Fang tasted bad. And the beatings hurt. I am very sorry and I promise I will never eat a doggy again. The end.

Our Writing Contest!

Hawaii, site of the famed leper colony.

At 50 OF great interest was his documentary film of the Hinata family and their dog vacationing

in Illinois.

But all good things must come to an end, and so finally it was bedtime for NEWS EXTRA's prize-winning cadre of neophyte

newspapers. Unfortunately, Jake's Roadside Motel and Wild Animal Kingdom stories cozy, down-home comfort rather than quantity in its accommodations, so all but 17 of our weary winners had to depart.

"Hit da road, turkey," Jake Hinastad chirped in farewell. "And don't try to sack out near my parkin' lot or I'll turn the dogs on ya."

The fortunate few that remained spent the night in rustic luxury on the comfy cots Jake had so cleverly constructed from the back seats of junked Chevies. A couple of them complained of a mid-night invasion by ghetto rats and drug addicted hippies from the nearby Wild Animal Kingdom. Those whiners aside, don't they ever stop?



Old Jake sits in front of his Alhambra motel.

"Ya done shot yer waste yesterday," Jake observed. "There ain't nothing else to do around here."

Sunday was more of the same, although one and two outdoors-loving 2nd Prizes took advantage of the brief interruptions in Alhambra's famed all-year drizzle to sunbathe near in Jake's parking lot.

"It's chilly 'catching a few rays,'" explained Freda Mae Thadpacher, 20, of Righteous Falls, Neb., who took honors for her exciting story, "Fear and Lusting in an All-Right Car Wash." Our art director described the pictures she sent with three words: "Jags, glorious jags!"

Jake Hinastad, a gifted raconteur, entertained the sunbathers with witty tales of his relaxing days working in an electronics factory.

TOO SOON the dog drew to a close. And as the sun settled in the west and the herds of hungry, disoriented mosquitoes swarmed in from the banks of the Pussanuck River, Jake Hinastad bid NEWS EXTRA and its winners a fond farewell.

"Clear out now, ya homos, and don't never darken my doorstep again nor molest ya bring some venise dog-eat-cupene," he said. "If I ever catch one of you no-counts 'round here again, I'll feed ya to the hippies."

Stupid Jerk Eats the Award

For his winning entry, Harvey Garlock has been presented the prestigious Bernard R. "Big Scoop" Pulitzer Writing Award for Journalistic Excellence and Literary Achievement in First Person Reporting in the Doggy Eating Category. NEWS EXTRA had planned to publish a photograph of the presentation but, unfortunately, Harvey ate the award before we could take a picture of it.

Second Place: 'Has Anybody Seen My Doggy?'

By HARRINGTON RICHARDSON

Four score and seven months ago, my four fathers brought forth on this continent a new doggy, conceived in Astoria, Oregon, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal and that he should love, honor and obey his master.

I am writing this today to honor that doggy, my friend and companion, Fang. He was my doggy. I was his master.

He asked not "What can my master do for me?" but "What can I do for my master?"

He was a good dog and I loved him in a very special way. It was a platonic relationship, but a meaningful one. And all too short.

I remember when I got Fang. My four fathers brought him to me in a big cardboard box that said "CAKE USA" on the side, and I knew something special was inside the box from the way it smelled.

AS I peered inside, I saw him, a tiny brown bundle of fur resting around in some back issues of the Astorian Times-Herald after a pork bone.

I introduced myself. "Art," said Fang. "What is your name?" I



Harrington Richardson

asked. "Art," he answered. Good. I shall call you Art Richardson. "Call me 'Fang' instead, Art sounds too British," Fang scolded.

So it was that I named my little doggy Fang. And it was a good thing I did, because a few months later I met an Englishman named Art and he was a fairy. No one liked him.

Fang and I got along famously from the first. You know how puppies are, all feet and fur and teeth and chumminess. Fang was that to a "T" and he loved everybody, even the fat kid next door. And no one liked him.

AS FANG grew, our feelings toward each other grew toward true love, although still of the platonic kind.

I loved to watch him as he grew. They change so fast, kids and dogs. With

fortness and a heavy heart I recall each week his new achievement, each plateau in his journey to adulthood.

His first pile on the carpet—he was only a few days old—landed right in front of the TV set. I was proud as only a father can be.

His first hole gnawed into a curtain—he was just three weeks old—lifted my heart to heretofore unknown heights.

Other achievements followed shortly—his first solid feces, his first steps outside, his first beer, his first cigarette, his first date. Ah, yes, I remember it well.

AND THROUGH it all, I was changing as well. I no longer saw Fang as that sweet, floppy little puppy that barked into my life in a CAKE USA carton. I could see Fang in adulthood as the personification of strength, beauty and power.

More than that, Fang understood me. We talked for hours about the silliest things, the baseball games and sports car races that would have put my wife, Maria, to sleep from boredom. But sometimes we could spend an evening in silence, just grooving on each other's vibes.

Fang had become for me everything Maria never was and my mistress,

Alana, could never hope to be. I knew that I was falling in love with Fang.

But Fang, I also knew, would never settle for being No. 2 in my life. Though less than two years old, down deep Fang was an old-fashioned dog. He could be no back street mangrel. I had a difficult choice to make and I made it.

IN MARCH of this year, I filed for divorce from my wife of 13 years, Maria, and I let Alana down as gently as I could. It would be hard for them, but they would come to understand in time that a man has to do what a man thinks is right.

It was a balmy spring night that I picked to pop the question, and I prepared for the great event with all the care and trepidation of a high schooler on the night of the Junior Prom. I put "Mastovani's Greatest Hits" on the stereo, turned the lights down low, and set the table with candles, port wine and the best Alago food money could buy.

When Fang came in from playing in the yard, his eyes lit up. He knew this would be a special night. I tried my damndest to stay suave and sophisticated but shucks if I didn't blurt it out.

"Fang, will you marry me?"

WONDER if I wondered, he wagged his tail and nodded his head yes. It was the happiest evening of my life. I went to bed that night feeling fulfilled and dreaming of our wedding day, when our special relationship would soar beyond the platonic stage forever.

But as so often happens in life, tragedy followed happiness. Fang came home from play the next day with his ear on fire.

"Who could have done this?" I wailed, throwing a pot of water on the love of my life. "What sort of monster world are we living in?"

Praise be to God, Fang survived. And I promised I would nurse him back to health and we would be together always.

"Don't you worry about a thing, Fang. Your ear will grow back as new. And your Harrington, darling, will never let this happen to you again. I'll keep you safe."

I tried to keep him in the house after that. Lord knows. But Fang had to be free, had to feel the wind against his smug skin, see the people he loved. It was with infinite fear I let him out the door for a morning run.

I never saw him again. Today would have been our anniversary.

Help! Help! Scream Candy-Bottomed Gents as They Run for the Border

Holy Schmol! Mean, Nasty Libbers Take Over Miltar



You gotta hold it fluster or next your pants because these libbers won't let you in the John, which was renamed John.



Ms. Freedom, a stacked blonde who resembles Mrs. Panda, is acting as spokesman for the militant ladies. You say they don't look alike. Blame it on our stupid photographer who chose the wrong lighting and profiles for these pictures.

A radical group of women's libertarians have taken over the capital city of Miltar, that tiny little nation tucked away in the Alps. Miltar has fallen and men are fleeing to the borders rather than suffer humiliation at the hands of the MAD WASPs, as the violent women call themselves.

Tuesday morning, they assumed control of Miltar's only public men's washroom, chanting "Men Are Degrading; Women Are Superior Persons."

They proceeded to stage an all-day sit-in at the public facility, barring all men from entering and thus causing businesses and transportation to come to a grinding standstill.

According to Milton Podiatricki, Miltar's ambassador to the U.S., the government grossly underestimated the power of the MAD WASPs. "THEY WERE a bunch of sour, ugly women who couldn't get a date with a decent man," he told NEWS EXTRA in an exclusive interview. "There were only 22 of them, underground, as we say."

But by Tuesday evening, the group had grown to 5,000. "A strange number," mused Ambassador Podiatricki, "because our latest census revealed only 2,044 female citizens."

We now have reason to believe that the other three MAD WASPs are Americans, Lady Bird Johnson, Joan Baez and Tyne Fields recently applied for visitors visas to Miltar. We have reason to believe they smuggled contraband to those feisty broads.

At 5 a.m. on Tuesday, the huge army of militants marched on the public square. Waving knives, guns and chains, they demanded that all Miltar men come to the square. Post haste.

Spokesman for the group, a stacked blonde who strongly resembles



Right on sister! You sit back and enjoy the evening paper while your schmuck husband reads your flegged garments.

Joan Baez and call herself Ms. Freedom, announced that Miltar was under her control.

TEN OF the women marched to the center of the square, stripped to their undergarments and burned their bras.

"This is a taken gesture," said Ms. Freedom. "From this hour on, we women will wear the pants and you men will wear the bras."

The MAD WASPs ordered all male citizens of Miltar to dress in women's clothing one day a week as proof of their subservience.

The men were further ordered to assume all household chores. "If you dare to sneeze, your household money will be cut in half," bawled the leader.

The meeting was adjourned early to allow the men time to go home and prepare dinner. They were warned, however, to report to their places in business punctually the next morning for a new duty assignment.

AT 9 a.m. Tuesday, the MAD WASPs stormed Miltar's only strip joint, the Show and Tell Bar on East 7th Street.

THE OWNER, Herbert Lang, was ordered to the stage where he will perform nightly until replacement male strippers can be hired. Then he will alternate with the other men, waiting tables and bestowing favors on the female clientele.

Apparently, not all of Miltar's male citizens took the women's Libber's seriously. Podiatricki told NEWS EXTRA that Miltar General Hospital had a record number of emergency cases that night—all men.

"Most of them showed signs of having been physically abused," the Ambassador said, referring to a teletype wire from Dr. Lucy Morgan, formerly a cleaning lady at the hospital. "There were contusions, superficial cuts and a few burns."

Apparently the burns were self-inflicted during the preparation of the evening meal.

ALL NIGHT Tuesday, MAD WASPs guards patrolled the streets of Miltar, with an eye out for any errand male.

A milkman, who had slept through the meeting in the town square and did not know of the takeover, was apprehended at rifle point while making deliveries in the wee hours of Wednesday morning. He was ordered to trade clothes with a militant soldier who would assume his duties.

AT 8 a.m. on Wednesday, businesses opened as usual. Most of the male workers looked haggard and tired after making breakfast and doing household chores.

As was expected, the men were relegated to duties of dubious importance, regardless of their skills or qualifications. Their pay was lowered substantially.

The MAD WASPs assumed executive positions in each business, public and private. They immediately gave themselves exorbitant pay raises, company cars and fantastic expense accounts.



Poor Herbert Lang has to strip for the lustre-acted broads. Watch out for the hands, Herbert, these dirty gals would like nothing better than polishing the family jewels.



The men are forced to dress in women's clothing one day a week. How awful for a he-man! But we'll bet that a lot of those men like the feel of silk next to their disgusting bods.



Some better not make a stop in Miltar this year because that sheep knife will find its mark, the libbers warned.



The MAD WASPs burned their bras as a gesture of their new-found liberation. The gals who did the burning didn't need the bras anyway, we're told, because they are all flat chested.



Joan Baez Lady Bird Johnson Tyne Fields

Nerd Head Who Blew Million at Massage Parlor Returns & Drops \$273,000 More!

By STEVE BENSON
NEWS EXTRA
Crime Editor
and
ROXANNA ROUNDTREE
NEWS EXTRA
Amusement Editor

That vagabond fruit peddler Stavros Pappas has done it again!

The man who won \$1 million in the Illinois State Lottery and then blew it in one night at a massage parlor has blown another fortune.

One of the people who bought fruit at his stand on the corner of Clark and Duane Streets in Chicago mistakenly gave him a 1928 Grover Cleveland double-eagle dollar for two pounds of bananas and one pound of apples.

Only 400 copies of the coin were minted before public furor against Cleveland proved as strong that production stopped.

ONLY 33 copies of the \$1 piece are known to exist, each one worth approximately \$273,074.72 on the open market.

"I knew it was valuable the second I saw President Cleveland's ugly face," said the former patient at Mendota State Hospital, a mental institution, a man who has been back on the streets for only six months.

"And I knew it was the only way I was going to get to see my true love. She told me never to come back to Aunt Mabel's

A NATIONAL **NEWS** EXTRA UPDATE REPORT

Family Massage Parlor unless I had hard, cold cash."

As reported in the Nov. 33, 1973 issue of NEWS EXTRA, Pappas wandered in to the North Side Chicago massage parlor one day after winning top prize in the Illinois State Lottery.

"I DECIDED: 'What the hell,'" he said. "I pushed open Aunt Mabel's door and entered paradise."

Inside, 17 of Aunt Mabel's "nieces" lounged on soft cushions, amid soft lights and sensuous music.

Aunt Mabel herself sat behind a small desk.

She was not pleased to see the fruit merchant, who was wearing Salvation Army clothes at the time. Her attitude changed, however, when he told her he had \$1 million to spend for "the best rub in town."

"She said: 'Sonny, you've come to the right place,'" he recalled. "She asked me to pick out the niece I wanted to give me a massage."

"I pointed to a brunette sitting over in the corner beneath a black light. Her name was Beth; I'll never forget her as long as I live."

A few seconds later, the girl named Beth was escorting Pappas back to her working quarters, a large room even more sensuous than the waiting area.

TWENTY-FOUR hours later, Pappas re-emerged from the room, a changed man.

"That was the first time I'd ever seen a woman naked, except for the times I tried to strip an old broad I found drunk in the gutter."

"When Beth saw my body for the first time, she started retching. But then she said: 'What the hell...' and started in on her work."

"After 24 hours, though, she turned to me and said: 'Your time's up, Charley. Best it!' " Pappas recalled. "She had me endorse my earnings check and told me to leave."

"By that time, I was madly in love with her. I asked her to marry me. But she said she didn't have the time, that other customers were waiting."

"I LEFT sad, but happy that I had found the girl of my dreams."

Pappas knew that the only way he would be able to see the beautiful Beth again was to make another large winning either in the lottery or in some other area.

"I'd about given up hope until I ran across that coin," he said. "I knew right off that it had to be

valuable.

"As soon as I saw President Cleveland's ugly features, I knew that there probably weren't too many others in the world like it."

"I looked it up in the library, and sure enough, I discovered it was selling for \$270,000 or more."

Pappas tucked the coin safely in his bill overalls and trudged to Aunt Mabel's.

"When Beth saw me, she almost fainted," he said. "She screamed: 'Oh, no! Not him again.'"

"BUT SHE recovered quickly enough and agreed to give me a massage for the coin."

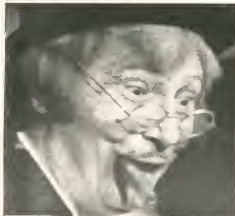
Because NEWS EXTRA is a family paper, it is impossible to report what transpired in the massage room. But suffice it to say that all of Pappas' tensions were relieved.

"But she kicked me out after only five hours," Pappas said. "I asked for more, but she refused. She asked for more money."

"I offered her all I had — \$17.00 — but she said that wouldn't buy me the time of day."

"It was at that moment that I finally realized Beth was a goldigger," he said. "She was only out for my fortunes."

"Well, I know that I'll never be going back to her again. But her blonde friend Amy, well, maybe."



Will Stavros ever learn a lesson? The size of the flesh era costly, my boy, and you certainly have paid your dues.



Grover Cleveland's mug appears on the 1928 double-eagle dollar. We're printing a picture of old Grover in case you come across one of the coins when your head is in the gutter.

Armed With Feather & Believed Ridiculous; Bolt Your Door to Loon Lawmen Warn Gals

Mad Tickler Is on Loose!

By STEVE BENSON
Crime Editor

Beware the handsome young fellow posing as one of those harmless but obnoxious door-to-door magazine peddlers. He may be the perverted Mad Tickler.

He convulses his way into suburban homes on the pretext of selling to the bored, lonely housewives subscriptions to magazines they'll never read. Then he hurls them to the floor and violently tickles them behind the knees.

Housewives in such far-flung places as Wilmington, Del., and Ogatah, Okla., have become human vegetables for periods of as long as a minute and a half from uncontrollable laughing fits. Some fell victim to embarrassing hiccup attacks. And

one woman reportedly wet her pants.

WHAT'S WORSE, he has no known connection with any reputable door-to-door magazine subscription peddling company. He allegedly skips town with the money and the housewives never receive their magazines.

"It was simply awful," pretty Marcia D., of Redwood, Ind., told NEWS EXTRA. "I thought I was gonna lose my lunch."

Marcia, 34, said the Mad Tickler knocked on her front door late one Monday morning. Her husband was away on a business trip.

"I was doing my morning chores, you know, vacuuming the refrigerator and washing the lipstick stains from the carpets, when he showed up. I was

wearing my casual morning chinos outfit—garter belt, black nylons, a peek-a-boo black bra and a bralette.

"'Mister reader!' he shouted after knocking."

"'What a minute, I'm not decent,' I answered. I took off that ugly old bra and opened the door."

MRS. D. said she detected his ruse when she spotted his armload of magazines and order forms.

"'Surprise, surprise,' he said. 'I happen to represent a famous firm and we have learned that you are regarded as the smartest lady in town. As such you are eligible for the top prize in our contest for Smart Lady of 1975.'"

Mrs. D. said the top prize was a two per cent discount on

magazine subscriptions ordered in quantities of 10 or more. Flustered and overwhelmed by the news, she let the peddler in.

"We had hardly got beyond my signing the contracts for 10-year subscriptions to 'Life,' 'Look,' 'Collier's Weekly,' 'Morticians' Quarterly' and six others when he grabbed me by the elbow and tossed me to the floor," she recalled.

"I thought sure he was going to rape me.

"BUT NO, dammit, he tickled me behind the knee.

"I was so charged with emotion I hardly knew what happened next. I giggled and giggled until my sides hurt. I begged him to stop. I had a tough time getting my breath.

"When we came to, I was

hiccuping violently and soaked with sweat. The tickler hit two cigarettes and handed me one. I dropped it during one particularly strong hiccup and screamed my lungs out.

"And when I caught my breath, I told him: 'You're a wonder and a cheap fraud. I wish you'd go away.'"

"He left and I went to the cop station to report the attack. While I was there I met 12 other women, all hiccuping madly, who said they'd been assaulted by the Mad Tickler."

Indeed, no less than \$4,948 women in the U.S. and Canada claim to be victims of the Tickler. While he usually used the peddler's guile to gain their confidence, a few women revealed he also posed as a rapist, a swagging-singles bar drunk, a fast food counterman and a driver's license examiner.

IN ONE case he posed as a hospital intern and ravished female patients with an ice-cold stethoscope.

Little is known about the piggle-crane lunatic except the meager information that his name is Oswald T. Gould, he lives at 457 French St., Locomobile, R.I., comes from a broken home and has a toy train in his apartment with 384 yards of track.

He also is believed to wear a mustache and have an insatiable desire to put on white shirts and three-piece striped suits.

"Women who desire to protect their sanity from this madman are urged to nail their front doors shut and never answer the phone unless their husbands are on the other end of the line," said Clarence Kelley, FBI chieftain.

"IF YOU sight this lunatic, do not try to apprehend him yourself. He is armed with a feather and believed ridiculous. Report him to the proper authorities at once and then shoot him."

Meanwhile, lawmen in the nation's southern states report that Gould's marauding has set off what may turn into a major crime wave. Door-to-door magazine subscription peddlers in Georgia, Alabama and Texas reportedly have adopted his techniques.

"Within a week, four of them had come to my place, knocking on the door and saying 'Oswald Gould, Mad Tickler to see you,'" said Eneany Lou Soperman of Gator, Ga. "They were friends, all of them, and I didn't get one tickle. And now I get three copies of 'Time' and one 'Newsweek' in the mail every week."

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Beware, sister, if a suave, mustachioed gent appears at your door claiming to be a magazine huckster. If we are correct, that peddler is nothing more than the crazed Mad Tickler who'll gain entrance to your pad with a sales pitch and then tickle you to death, almost. If he is, scream baby! Scream for your local pendermes or the FBI.



This Slave-Driving Boss of Ice Plant Fires Workman for Catching Pneumonia

Eduardo Navarro had come up the hard way. And he was going to make sure his employees gave him 10 cents worth of work for every penny of pay.

But the hard-nosed, slave driver got carried away when he fired young Rick Tinkey for catching pneumonia on the job.

Now the rest of his employees are on strike and Navarro's Crinkly Cubes and Silvers Co., in Gator and Georgia's largest ice supplier, is turning to slush before his very eyes.

The deplorable working conditions were made public after Tinkey's death.

Navarro's ice company at one time had employed 60 men. But the greedy owner had pruned his staff to only 10 at the time Rick

was stricken.

FOR WAGES of 80 cents per hour, far below the national minimum wage scale, the skeleton crew worked in the huge warehouse where the ice was frozen and then slivered by hand and packaged in plastic bags for shipment to Gator's bars and liquor stores.

The men worked seven days a week, often for 13 hours a day without a break. They did not even have access to a warming cup of coffee, because stingy old Navarro believed the heat reduced by coffee would slow down the freezing process of the ice.

Although Navarro never paid his employees overtime, he always docked their paycheck if they were so much as one

minute late.

And he was a silver-tongued devil, to boot. Eduardo had convinced Tinkey and the others that he was giving them liberal company benefits with a first rate health and no-cost insurance policy.

WHAT HIS poor, not-so-smart workers didn't know was that he deducted the premiums from their paychecks - with a few extra cents to cover his own insurance!

Several months before Tinkey's health problems began, Navarro had posted a notice on the bulletin board: "Employees are no longer allowed to wear heavy clothing on the job because it is the opinion of management that coats and sweaters inhibit movement and slow down productivity."

So there they were in the dropping temperatures in a freezing cold ice cube factory dressed to go to the tennis courts.

The day that Tinkey's wife gave birth to their third child, the man was three minutes late to work. Navarro, a former mailman, gave him a stern lecture and told him to shape up or ship out.

"He worked 14 hours that day," his widow Ruby told NEWS EXTRA. "The next morning, he had a little sniffle but he said that he had to go to work or he would be fired."

THREE DAYS after his head cold began, Tinkey could barely walk the 10 1/2 miles to the Crinkly Cubes and Silvers Company. But he dragged himself to work minutes before the time clock hit 6 a.m.

It was obvious that the man was sick, very sick.

"Rick's face was flushed and he was sweating like crazy," said fellow employee, Lawrence Hyppie. "About 10 a.m., he went to Navarro and asked if he could take the rest of the day off without pay because he didn't feel well."

"Navarro told him that if he walked out that door he should not bother to come back."

"With a wife, eight children and a new baby, what could Rick do?"

At 3 that afternoon, Tinkey slumped to the floor. Navarro went over to where the desperately ill man lay and kicked him.

The other workers heard him shout:

"STINKY, YOU go good lazy devil. You don't lay down on the job when you work for Navarro! You are fired."

"We ran over to Rick," said Hyppie. "But it was obvious that he was in a coma. All the while, Navarro was hollering at us, 'Get moving. Get back to work. This load has gotta go out.'"

"We knew what we had to do. We all walked off the job and carried Rick to Doc Finegood's office in Gator."

The doctor took Tinkey's temperature - 105 degrees. He placed his stethoscope to his chest. "Triple, walking pneumonia with acute bronchitis and pleurisy compounded by a weakened physical condition from overwork and made worse by the fact that he hates his job and has lost his will to live."

Three hours later, Tinkey was dead.

After attending Tinkey's pauper's burial, his widow went to see Navarro. "Severance pay?" he yelled at her. "I fired him for sleeping on the job. He don't get none."

"I asked about the insurance to pay Doc Finegood," wept Ruby. "He said insurance wouldn't cover it because it stopped when Rick was fired and he was fired three hours before he died."

The other nine men refused to go back to work until Navarro meets their demands:

- A new location of the ice plant in a high-rise in downtown Gator.
 - A company paid insurance program to specifically include pneumonia and pregnancy.
 - Two weeks sick pay per year.
 - Four weeks paid vacation per year.
 - No overtime.
 - Mere workers.
 - Insurance for psychiatric services in cases of madness due to job frustration.
- NEWS EXTRA went to Navarro for comment and found him standing in his cold warehouse, knee-deep in water, chipping away at a big bank of melting ice.
- "Give in to those thugs!" he shouted. "Never. Give 'em an inch and they take a mile. I'll do all right without them."



"Spare the whip and spoil the workers," Navarro belittled as NEWS EXTRA interviewed the satellite ice plant owner.



Pretend you're happy, here comes my ex-husband!

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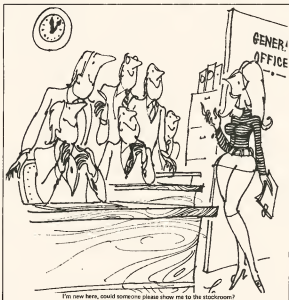
The five cents is for the loan of the new basket.



Permission to speak, sir?



Every time I look at you, son, I wonder where I went right!



I'm new here, could someone please show me to the stockroom?

Hubert Humphrey's Political Future Is Doomed; He's Too Darn Truthful!

By STURGES K. FORNEY
Washington Correspondent

Sen. Hubert H. Humphrey recently became a has-been in politics when the famed Liars' Club tossed him out for telling a true statement.

"We gotta think about our reputation," said Otto Halet, co-founder of the 41-year-old organization. "We can't take a chance on honest people sneaking in and taking over."

As for Humphrey's long-standing reputation in government, nothing remains now but to cover the rotting corpse before it starts to stink.

NEWS EXTRA was there when the huge Washington Liars' Club chapter confronted the senator with evidence of honesty in becoming a politician. It was pathetic.

"Everyone's entitled to one mistake," the parody, barking politician was heard to whisper.

"It's not like I do this every day. Never before have I strayed to the straight and narrow and never shall I again."

But the verdict was clear; the vote was cast. And Hubert Humphrey, long-time veteran of politics and government, was thrown out of the Liars' Club for telling the truth.

"But gosh, fellows, gee, won't you reconsider? I have a family to support, a fine wife, nice kids and a cute little doggie." He knew his name around Washington would be "Hud" soon; he'd be dubbed as a man "soft on B-S-ing."

"If word of this slips out, my career is as good as dead. Nobody in this town will hire me, I'll be on welfare. Won't you piececassae reconsider?" he whined.

THE LIARS' Club Select Subcommittee on Unapproved Truth Telling responded with a thundering "No." It signaled the end of a distinguished career, but Humphrey refused to give up.

"Oh, I get it. You're telling it's a pass, right fellas?"

"You know the score," the committee people responded. This time they underscored their point with action, with instant unmistakable, by tossing the politician out of the clubhouse. NEWS EXTRA followed the aging politician on his gravely-assisted flight down the clubhouse steps onto the dusty, Washington, D.C., sidewalk. Deep in his own private misery, he ignored our questions, swilling alone alone. He muttered an occasional "damn the back" and kicked with barely controlled fury at a discarded beer can.



Hubert might be able to make it as a retiree.

WE CAUGHT up with him at a dark, quiet neighborhood bar. He was sitting, still alone, in a corner booth, carving curse words into the scarred table top with a White House letter opener.

How could it happen? NEWS EXTRA-land wants to know.

"Leave me alone. Can't you see I've been humiliated, hurt to the very core of my existence? My reputation is shot; in this town my ass is grass," he mumbled, staring darkly into a mug of watered Old Milwaukee.

After much prodding, we got the whole story out of him. It seemed that Hubert Humphrey, veteran politician, senator from Minnesota, former vice president and once a presidential candidate himself, had been caught telling a truth.

"They wouldn't bend the rules, not even once," he moaned.

You'd think that after all the fine jobs I'd done, the campaign promises, the press releases and whatnot, they'd let me off with maybe a reprimand. A simple slap on the wrist would have been sufficient.

"WHAT REALLY pains me is it had nothing to do with politics, the truth thing that is. If I'd made a campaign promise I intended to

keep, or something like that, I could understand their stubbornness. But this was so petty."

He referred us to a certain page of several May issues of The Washington Post newspaper and said no more.

Bartling with curiosity, we hurriedly checked the pages he'd mentioned. We found them mystifying, and to be frank, extremely boring. Why, we wondered, would he refer us to "Section 5, Classified Advertisements - Autos, Used?" Then, lacking something better to do, we checked the items, one by one.

Our 14th phone call, in regard to a 1964 Ford Falcon sedan in "good cond. No rust. Low miles," was answered by a pleasant sounding woman who said, "Why, yes, my husband Hubert's car is still for sale."

"COMING over tonight to look at it if you want. We live right next door to Secretary of Agriculture Earl Butz," she said.

So we did. It was all we had. Maybe Humphrey had told the truth in the ad, which is something no used car seller ever does.

An inspection of the advertised

Ford, dispured that theory. It was a corroded, brown-beaten clunker with 95,000 miles on the clock and the hood tied shut with electrical cord. As we kicked its mirror smooth left front tire, the sensor appeared jangling a set of keys in his left hand.

"What's that hissing sound?" he demanded. "Oh, it's just the time - some Scotch Tape will fix that. Want to take it for a spin?"

Suddenly his cheerful grin collapsed into a scowl. He had recognized us.

"NOT YOU guys from the NEWS EXTRA again," he spat. "I have no further comment for the press at this moment about the unfounded allegations that I reportedly had once told a truth."

When pressed, however, the senator revealed that an undercover agent from the World Liars' Club had test-driven the railroad trap Ford as part of a routine investigation. He had backed it out of the Humphrey driveway directly into a large oak tree across the street.

"Oops," said the undercover man. "I must have stepped on the wrong pedal."

"So you didn't," Humphrey said. "The brakes are shot, kaput, and they'll need \$106.49 worth of repair work."

"Why is that cloud of dense blue smoke following us. Is there a fire nearby?" the agent asked. "Nope. It's the car. The engine is worn out and needs new piston rings, valves, radiator cap and a dipstick. It'll cost \$2,885.49 to fix," Humphrey said.

THE AGENT'S mouth fell open. He was horrified. He revealed his true identity and announced as he departed, "I'm gonna have to report this."

We, too, were flabbergasted and it took a lot to fluster a NEWS EXTRA reporter's gut. Some time later we managed to contact the World Liars' Club Select Subcommittee on Unapproved Truth Telling.

You are, one investigation showed that Mr. Humphrey is far worse than an occasional backslider. A man who tells the truth about a used car simply cannot be trusted for dishonesty. Hubert is subconsciously honest - a latent truth-teller.

"There is simply no place in government, or the Liars' Club for that matter, for a mendacity class as has. How he got as far as he did is beyond us."

"It's too bad about his career, though, as he is obviously and far big business, the law or other professions. Maybe he can make it as a retiree."

THE NATIONAL
NEWS
EXTRA



**She Froze
Her Frijoles
Off to Have
Her Picture
Taken for You**

This is the last known photo of Frigida de Philae, Hollywood starlet who died tragically of exposure while making her first feature film, "Sex Above the Arctic Circle." The movie was shot on an island 350 miles from the North Pole, and Frigida's cute little body just couldn't take the elements. The photo you see was taken as Frigida posed on a waterbed that had turned to solid ice in the minus-70 degree location. The setting is the poshly decorated igloo of an Eskimo chief. Note that poor Frigida, though smiling gamely, is hugging herself trying to keep warm. Five hours later she was dead of pneumonia.